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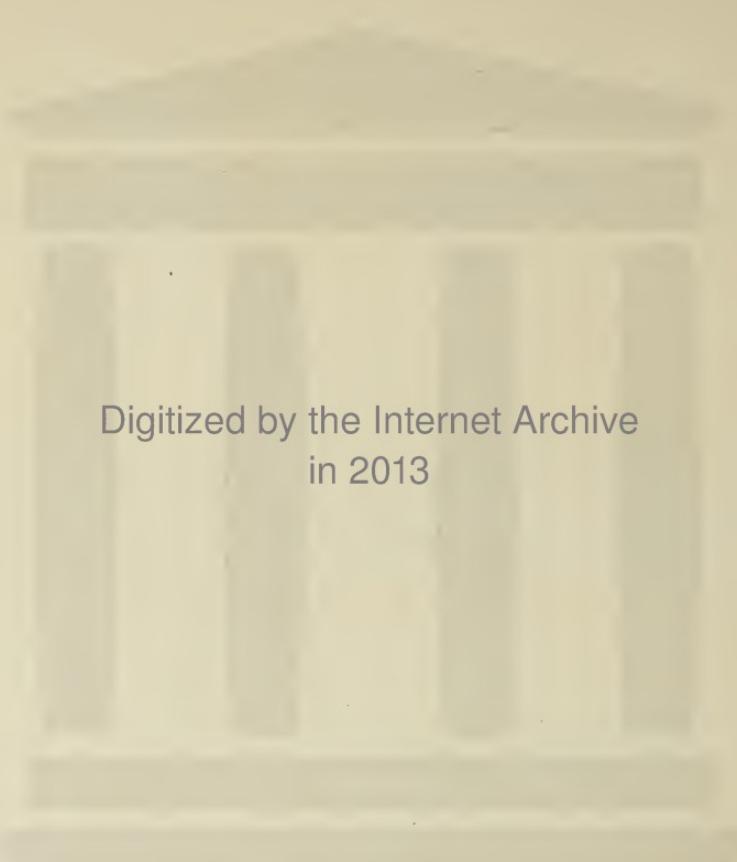
The
**PHILLIPS
ANDOVER**



MIRROR



OCTOBER, 1910



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MEMORIAL TABLET
IN MEMORY OF
THE SEVEN MISSIONARY STUDENTS
OF
ANDOVER SEMINARY IN 1810

DEDICATED OCTOBER 12, 1910

THE MIRROR

FOUNDED 1854

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1910

No. 1

Andover and Foreign Missions



HE dedication of the Missionary Bowlder on October 12th was an event of interest to the school. It is therefore appropriate to recall some of the history it commemorates.

Phillips Academy was thirty years old when the same Board of Trustees opened Andover Theological Seminary in 1808. Among the first students was Adoniram Judson, a graduate of Brown University. Judson became also an instructor in the Academy. During the next two years there came to the Seminary Samuel Newell of Harvard, Samuel Nott of Union, and four men from Williams, Samuel J. Mills, Gordon Hall, Luther Rice and James Richards. Up to this time no foreign missionaries had ever been sent out from America. Mills and Richards had been present at the famous prayer meeting under the haystack at Williamstown in 1806, when five students had talked and prayed about foreign missions. The scene of this meeting is now marked by the famous "Haystack monument." Nott, also, had been thinking about foreign mission work before coming to Andover. Mills and Richards had pledged themselves to become missionaries. These seven men became closely associated here at Andover and gradually they formed a common purpose to go out as missionaries if possible. Judson, Nott, Mills and Newell roomed in Phillips Hall, the only Seminary dormitory then standing. In those days the "Missionary Woods" extended to Rabbit Pond. Here these seven students walked together and talked of their hopes, and upon the rocky hillock east of the pond they met for prayer. The lane through the woods farther to the southwest and extending to Salem Street is still known as "Missionary Lane."

The practical question which especially concerned these students was that of support in foreign lands. This question they discussed with the professors of that day, especially Doctor Woods and Doctor Moses Stuart. These professors called together in June, 1810, a conference of ministers, among them Dr. Spring of Newburyport and Dr. Worcester of Salem. This conference was held in an old house once occupied by Judge Phillips and Dr. Pearson that stood near the present site of Farrar House. These students were advised to bring the matter before the General Association of the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, which was to meet next day at Bradford, June 27, 1810. Dr. Spring and Dr. Worcester drove together from Andover to Bradford that morning and next day four missionary students walked to Bradford and presented their petition for the organization of a foreign missionary society. They walked back to Andover the same day. On June 29th, the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" was founded at Bradford.

Then there was formed a society of pledged missionaries first known as *Sol Oriens* and later as the "Brethren." Their records were first kept in cipher. In 1811 the Seminary Society of Inquiry, a general missionary association, was founded. All but one of the first seven went out as missionaries and endured great hardships among the heathen in untried fields. Through its entire century the Seminary has been a famous training school for missionaries, two hundred and forty-eight having gone out to all parts of the world.

Under the influence of the Seminary foreign missionary interest early appeared in the Academy. The Society of Inquiry was founded in 1833 as a "Missionary Fraternity." The exact number of Academy students who have become missionaries cannot be given, but it is a large one.

At the Foot of the Precipice

I.

E had risen early that morning—two hours before the pale sun lifted itself above the mountain peaks, and found us on our way up the trail. Jack led our train, mounted on his big roan, and I brought up the rear on the little bay. Strung out between us the patient line of pack animals plodded on, now and again awakened to life by the action of one of their number trying to forge ahead of his mates. Gradually we climbed up the tortuous trail that circled round about the mountain side, and as we slowly ascended it grew rougher and steeper; the walls of the canyon widened; the formations of granite became more numerous and of greater size; and several times we had to make our way carefully over spots where slide rock had covered this little-frequented byway.

Jack and I had settled down in our saddles in preparation for the usual routine, when suddenly my horse stopped, and looking up I saw Jack off his horse and closely examining the trail. Urging my horse on, I rode past the pack train, crowding them to the wall, to where he was. Even before I had reached him, he called out, "Somethin' queer sure's happened here. Come and take a look."

There, at the edge of the trail, I saw where a considerable amount of earth had become loosened and had slid down the rocky shelf. On both sides of the slide the dry, half dusty road still retained the impression of many hoofprints.

"It's nothin' but a slide," I exclaimed.

"Yes, but look at all these hoofprints," was Jack's answer.

"Maybe those before us stopped to look at the slide just as we are doing now," I replied. "Come on, let's hike."

"Look. Do you see that ledge down there?" excitedly questioned Jack.

"Yes," I quickly responded, for down about two hundred feet below, a sharp ledge extended out a distance from the sloping wall of rock. "And there's a piece of somethin' caught on it. Looks like some kind of cloth."

Jack was lying on the ground, leaning over the wall of the cliff. "That's just it. But where did it come from? I tell you somebody's gone over with the slide."

"Well, what's to be done?" I asked.

He thought a moment and then answered, "You try to climb down to the ledge; I'll take the horses over the ridge till I find some good stopping place, and then I'll come back. If you go down past the ledge, leave that thing on it. If it isn't there, I'll wait here for you."

Jack started on his mission, and I, remembering a place about a mile back where the descent promised to be less hazardous than here, hastened back to it. There I left my horse, and slowly and carefully began to make my way downwards, at the same time aiming to work in a diagonal line in order to reach the ledge. At first, the descent proved less difficult than I had anticipated, but as I got lower the wall became more vertical, and I was forced, in several places, to let myself down from one outcropping of rock to another. After an hour's work, I caught sight of the goal for which I was striving. A little more effort brought me to it. There before me, caught on the jagged rock, a piece of ragged khaki cloth stirred in the gentle breeze. Upon closer examination, I decided that it had been rent from a garment of some sort. Down at the bottom of the canyon, I descried a rude heap of stones, and several hawks hovering over what seemed to be the body of a horse.

My curiosity aroused, I again started on my descent. The going had become easier, and the trees, now more numerous, afforded greater opportunity for quick travelling. Soon after I came upon a spring, the clear water of which ran over the ground like glistening threads of silver. Here, I enjoyed a cooling drink, and then on down again. Ever downwards. Down, down, until at last the bottom was reached.

A little to my right, at the foot of a large tree, lay the cut and bruised body of a horse, with the saddle still cinched, but knocked far to one side. Almost at my feet was heaped a mound of stones, from the crevices of which showed branches of newly-cut pine. I observed that it was hollow, and I knew. It was a groove. This, then, was the meaning of the slide above.

After having examined the saddle and its bags without result, I began the tiresome climb upwards, but I had not gone far before I caught sight of something in the rays of the noon-day sun. It was a pistol, and upon inspection one of its chambers proved to be empty. After a moment, I decided that it had slipped from its holster when the rider had tumbled from above. The cartridge had probably been discharged on account of the hammer having hit the ground. I emptied out the other chambers, and put it in my pocket. The ascent was slow and tiring, and I had not yet reached the ledge when I heard Jack's clear halloo. I answered, and after a few moments more of climbing, I came upon him. When I told him of what I had discovered and showed him the pistol, he was satisfied, and we re-ascended. On our reaching the top, we found the horses safe, and proceeded on our way, for the lowness of the sun in the tinted western sky was a harbinger of evening.

II.

After the excitement of the day it was with relief that we, after preparing everything for the night, sat silent, with the glowing campfire between us, and smoked. Except for the faint tinkling of the bell about the neck of the gray mare, and the uncanny call, now and then, of a lone coyote far up on the mountain side, all was as quiet as ourselves. By the spasmodic glimmerings of the fire we could distinguish the masses of tall, dark, and forbidding pines at the edge of the clearing, streaked here and there by an uneven line of glowing scarlet light as the fire, with a loud crackling, leaped high in the air, leaving behind only a misty cloud of drifting smoke.

Without warning, and with appalling suddenness, our reverie was broken by a nerve-shattering wail, as of some human being in mortal agony. Louder, and more pitiful it grew. It stopped; then commenced again. We were on our feet in an instant. A cold sweat was over me. I looked in the direction from whence the sound came, and even as I looked, the fire, as if responding to the awful cry, flared high, and in its fierce momentary glare, I saw rush out of the shadow of the pines, a man, with clothes torn, eyes bloodshot, and face bearded.

Stamped upon his face, and showing in his every trembling limb was such a fear as I hope never to see again. Catching sight of us, he hesitated, half turned, staggered, and fell.

For an instant neither Jack nor myself recovered from our fright, for we were both terror-stricken by the unexpectedness of the thing. Jack was the first to act. He rushed towards the prostrate figure, calling as he did so, "Water—whiskey—anything—only be quick." I ran over to where the pack lay, seized a flask, and turned to find him bending over the form of this scarcely human creature, which he had lain on some boughs near the campfire. He held the man's head, while I poured a liberal draught of whiskey down his throat. The stranger soon regained consciousness, but on seeing us bending over him began to fight weakly against us. Worn out as he was, his efforts were powerless, and exhausted, he again lost consciousness. The second time that he recovered his senses, Jack calmed him, and after a time he realized our actions to be pacific. He remained in a half-dazed condition for some time, glancing fearfully around; at times a horrifying look passed over his face and a convulsive shudder ran through his whole body. After these spells, he would look queerly at us as if desirous of company and sympathy. We, at first, spoke to him, and tried to obtain some clue to his identity, or to hear the reason of his sudden and strange appearance here, in a place so distant from human habitation. But all our attempts were unsuccessful, and we deemed it wisest to let him alone.

Suddenly he saw the pistol that I had picked up that afternoon, and had carelessly tossed to the ground, on my arrival at camp. The reflection of the fire glinted evilly along its barrel. At the sight of this sinister weapon, his eyes grew great with an awful fear, his face became ashen, and his lips colorless, his whole body trembled; he rose to his knees with a sickening shudder, and there stayed, with rigid, clenched hands extended as if to ward off some unseen danger. He uttered that long, piercing scream, and then in a voice harsh and dry he cried, "Oh! take it away. See . . . there . . . there. Blood is on it . . . it., . . . the hand . . . of my wife. Save me; . . . I tell you I am innocent." His voice had taken on a beseeching tone. "What else could I do? Look," he whispered in harrowing

intonations, . . . "there again. As it has followed me day from day; night into night, for how long! Oh! how long! Holding always that black muzzle pointed at me; with those soft, sad eyes glistening behind it. Always behind it. Always . . . always . . ." And he ended in a sobbing strain. Thus he began his recital. It was incoherent at times, but never did that heart-chilling light leave his eyes.

"I have lost track of the number of days. It can't be long, but how long it has seemed. I didn't see her—my wife—go over the cliff; I only heard her cry, and, hearing it, plunged down over the rocks. I fell, rolled, and tumbled, but what cared I for bruises or hurts. I only wished to reach the bottom. And once there, I found her, still and pale, but so beautiful. I hastened to bathe her forehead with water from my canteen. But when she regained her senses, there was such a look of suppressed pain in her eyes,—that look that I can see now; that I have seen for so long; that look that is behind the black muzzle . . . there." He screamed with terror, but controlled himself and continued. "By that look I knew that she was mortally hurt, and when she said goodbye and asked me to shoot and end it all, I . . . I did. Think,"—his whole attitude and manner was pitiful—"think, we were miles from any aid; what—what else could I do? And there I meant to kill myself, too, for why should I live when she was dead? But when I saw that ragged hole in her white forehead, and the crimson flood that trickled down her hueless cheek, I hesitated, yes, and was lost. I tried to staunch that awful hole, but could not, and when I had laid her still body within the mound of stones, her hair was stained with the drippings that formed a bloody pool 'neath her head. And then, covering the groove over, I ran, shrieking, through the woods. I thought I had left it all behind, but it pursues me, even as it is there now,—that same look. I have run from it for how long, and yet it comes." His body was in the throes of another convulsion, and fear and terror were heavy upon him. "Comes, comes. Help me . . . there it is . . . it is coming . . . it . . . it has me . . . at last." His voice died away in a choking gasp, and his form lay stiffly at our feet. Silence reigned supreme.

JOHN M. McHATTON, 1912.

When Jim Was Off



EING a man of leisure and some wealth, I was not at the time of this incident, in the habit of running the car. In fact, I never *had* run it. Our chauffeur, who was also an excellent mechanician, had always done the work on the machine, and I had enjoyed the results. It happened, however, that, not having any use for the car that day, I had let Jim take a day off, and go to town.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, my brother, who lived in an adjoining town four miles away, called up on the telephone, inviting Helen and me to dinner. The meal was to be served at one o'clock, he said, and so we had to hurry to get dressed in time. I had never thought of how we were to get there, but when we were all dressed and ready, I realized that Jim was miles away.

"You can run it over there, can't you?" said Helen. "It's only a little way."

"But I never ran the thing," I protested. "All I know is what I've seen Jim do, and I never paid much attention to that."

"Well, we've got to get there *some* way."

"Telephone to the livery stables!" I cried, suddenly struck with the idea.

"That won't help us," she said. "It's quarter of one now. The carriage couldn't possibly get here before one o'clock, and then we'd be terribly late."

She was right, and I was completely baffled.

"You'll *have* to try to drive the car, Frank. There's no way out of it."

"All right," I said, smiling, but I was far from being pleased with the idea. "You wait on the front porch, and I'll get the machine and bring it around."

I hurried out to the garage. Worse luck—it was locked! However, I found a window open, and with some difficulty—being a large man—I climbed through. The car was standing, as Jim always left it, ready to crank up. Fortunately for me, it was equipped with progressive gears, so that I could hardly

make any mistake in shifting them.

I got started all right, pushed from "first" right into "high" (but fortunately had headway enough so the clutch caught all right), and sailed around the drive to the front of the house. There I stopped. I don't know how I stopped, but that doesn't alter the fact, and besides, it has nothing to do with the story. Helen climbed in beside me.

The engine was racing, but that did not worry me, I didn't try to throttle it down. I was anxious to be off and show Helen how well I could run the car when I had to.

Now if you happen to know any more about automobiles than I did, you will understand how foolish it is to start a heavy machine, in high speed, with the engine racing. I did not, and when I suddenly let in the clutch, there was a lurch, a sickening grind, and the engine stopped.

Cursing my luck, *sotto voce*, I got out to crank her again. Now, another very reckless thing for a man to do, is to crank an automobile without making sure that his gears are neutral, and the car had started to climb the steps of our front porch before I got on my feet again and shut off the gas. But after that I had little difficulty and we finally got started all right.

The trip to my brother's house was uneventful, the way for the most part being through open country and over good roads; as we were approaching the place, I was anticipating, with joy, how Helen would kiss me, and say how proud she was of her accomplished boy.

But when I tried to stop—Oh, my! I pressed a pedal, but all I got was the unmuffled explosion of the engine. I tried another. There was a slight retarding of speed, and I knew that, although I had hit the brake, yet it would not stop we with the headway I had. *Why could I not remember how to stop?* Desperately, I jammed down both feet and this time I struck the muffler cut-out and the accelerator, so that we shot ahead faster than before. I reached to shut off the spark (I had seen Jim do it, but received a shock that made me jump, and we swerved dangerously toward the gutter. What should I do? Should I aim for a telegraph pole and trust to luck to land on a soft spot? No—there was Helen—that was out of the ques-

tion. All these thoughts raced through my mind in an instant.

Helen was hanging on for dear life. I was busy keeping the machine in the road. I saw a car ahead of us. If I could overtake that, perhaps its driver could tell me how to stop. I felt for the accelerator and pushed. What had happened? *We were stopping!* I had hit the clutch by accident, and sure enough, we glided up to the curb, a quarter of a mile below my brother's house. We left the car standing there, and did not speak a word as we walked back to the house.

When my brother saw the expression on my face he did not ask for an explanation, and I did not offer any, but inwardly I had positively determined that I would never touch that car again, when Jim was off.

O'B., '11.

The Sunset Sky



great liner was ploughing its way through the Atlantic into the west. It was night; the last one of the swift dash between two continents. Upon the promenade deck sat a man and a girl. The deck was thronged with people, more or less bundled with wraps, for it was early in April and the nights were still quite chilly. All about, bits of merry conversation could be heard, interspersed with bursts of laughter, while the red tips of cigars and cigarettes glowed everywhere. All were happy to be nearing home; happy that the trip was over and that tomorrow they could land.

As far as the man and the girl were concerned, it might have been as deserted as Sahara, for to each there was nothing worth noticing except the other. They alone were not happy, for the end of the trip was to bring an end to their companionship—unless the girl consented to a request that the man had just made. He sat listening to hear the answer—the most important in the world to him.

The girl spoke. "I wish it as much as you," she said, "but I am afraid I cannot consent on this account. It is a deep-rooted sentiment of my father's that I should marry only an American; our family has been of clear American descent since the Revolution, you know. Father has set his heart upon this one thing, and I could not bear to disappoint him, not even if I could gain his consent."

The man did not reply, for the answer meant a great deal to him. Both sat in silence for some minutes. The ship vibrated from the force of the great turbines which drove it toward that America of which the girl's father was so proud, and the hiss and wash of the long gray rollers as they rushed past the side was the dominant sound. The yellow crescent of a young moon descending in the west cast a pale gold path across the gray sea, while the stars, remote in the deep blue vault, sparkled and flashed in the keen, crisp air. From within the ship came the faint strains of an orchestra playing a slow waltz.

Finally the man spoke. "I have told you that I am an Englishman," he said, "because I have always lived in Bir-

ham, but the fact is that I do not know what is the country of my birth. My parents died when I was very young, and the man to whose care I was entrusted always insisted that he did not know where I was born. He died without giving me any more information than that, and as I have never been able to find any relatives, I cannot gain more from other sources. I have one clue to the place of my birth, but that is very slight. It is this. Since my earliest childhood I have had one recollection, which was impressed very vividly upon me. I remember having seen the back door of some large building surmounted by the figure of a woman, standing out in strong contrast to the orange background of a sunset sky. And always with this memory comes the recollection of music playing in the distance, the tune which I have since found to be your American song "Dixie." I have searched the records of births in several of England's cities, but can nowhere find an entry of my name.

"However, that one recollection endures, and I know that it is connected with the place in which I was born. If I should ever see the dome again, I should surely know it by the figure which surmounted it. I can see it now, clearly silhouetted against the sunset sky, and I always seem to hear the far-away strains of 'Dixie.' And so, you see, I only call myself an Englishman for lack of definite knowledge."

For a moment there was silence as both gazed out over the rolling waters; then the conversation turned to lighter and more conventional topics. The last evening of the voyage passed very swiftly for the man and the girl. "You know we live in Washington," said the latter, when the time for parting had come, "and if you ever visit the city, you must surely come and see us."

"I will," answered the man.

He was entering into business in New York, but he took up his new life without hope, for what was life to him without the girl. He wrote, asking if it were not possible for her to reconsider her decision, but her reply was a reiteration of her statement that she could marry only an American. The new business which he had undertaken proved successful, and he added to the capital which he had brought with him from England until it was quite a considerable amount. It brought him no joy, however, for he could never forget the attachment which he had

formed during the winter previous to the all too short trip across the ocean, the winter when the girl had been visiting relatives in England. Surrounded by the rush and life of the metropolis, his thoughts were always in that city to the south.

That is, always when he was at leisure, for when he was at work, nothing but his immediate task entered his mind. He was a worker, this man; that was what constituted the backbone of his success. Socially he was welcomed into excellent society, but he did not care to avail himself of the privilege. He enjoyed solitude—since the voyage.

So he lived for five years, until one chill November day he found that he was obliged to make a business trip to the capital city. He had corresponded with the girl at times, and the invitation for him to visit her had been renewed. He had not intended to take advantage of it, but when he arrived in Washington, he found that the desire to see her again was too strong for him.

So he had made a call. He allowed himself this privilege since it would be the last time. When he returned to New York, he would drop her out of his life; it would only make him unhappy to do otherwise. He had come to this decision on the long ride between the two cities the day before. Heretofore he had held some vague hope that the objections of the father might be removed. Now even that was gone.

That afternoon passed like a dream, and as quickly. He could hardly bear the thought that it was the last, and consequently when the girl urged him to remain one more day, that they might see the interesting points of the city together, he consented rather more quickly than his business affairs warranted. He could spare one more day, he thought, since it would be the last day; and then, too, the girl was very anxious that he should see the beauties of her city. For him it might have been the last day of his life, as far as any prospect of future happiness was concerned.

The next day they spent in sight-seeing, and as it was his first visit to the capital city there was plenty to do. In the morning they visited the Corcoran Art Museum, and the Smithsonian Institute, and in the afternoon, the Treasury and Congressional Library. The time sped by all too quickly, as did all others when

they were together. As the afternoon drew to a close, he could remember very little of what he had seen; only one object had any interest for him.

"For the last time," he ventured, as they were leaving the library, the beautiful mural decorations of which he had scarcely glanced at, "is there no possibility of your going back to New York with me tomorrow?"

"Why do you ask?" replied his companion. "I answered that question long ago."

They were descending the steps to the sidewalk when she laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Listen," she said, "your tune."

Off on Pennsylvania Avenue a regiment of the national guard was marching, and the thud of the bass drums of the band, and the blare of its brass instruments came indistinctly to their ears, blended with the roar of traffic. They were playing "Dixie."

Suddenly the girl felt her companion grasp her arm convulsively. "Look," he said in a hoarse voice. He was pointing out over the bare space which lies in front of the Library of Congress. The sun had set, and the western sky was a flaming saffron curtain. Into this was thrust the great bulk of the capital building, its dome sharply silhouetted against the glowing background. The regiment was nearer, and the strains of "Dixie" rang out clearly.

"That is it," said the man, his voice betraying great joy. "I know the figure; see how it stands there."

"In that case," answered the girl, controlling her agitation with a great effort, "I will go north with you tomorrow."

A short time later a man was excitedly scanning the birth record in the department of vital statistics. Suddenly he straightened up and dashed from the room.

"Right," he shouted to the girl who joined him in the corridor.

And as they walked past the capitol, he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as the black dome rising against the stars, while the motionless statue above it seemed to point out the path of his future in the realms of the sky.

Gentlemen, Hush!



S the editor glanced over the report my gaze again wandered around the room. It was plain and gave one the impression of activity. The only adornment of the wall was a small portrait of a man, in a narrow black frame. There was something about the face, however, that attracted me. The eyes were deep-set but gentle; the mouth drooping but firm; the forehead high and crowned with wavy gray hair. Underneath the picture was written "Gentlemen, Hush." It was this which had aroused my curiosity.

The editor swung around in his chair and repeated my question.

"Why did we call him "Gentlemen, Hush?" Well, you see, partner, it was this way. Away back in the 70's this section of the country was pretty wild and I reckon that the inhabitants did not improve much on the general aspect. This thriving city of Interprise was then only a cattleman's town. There were only two stores and both of these were saloons. Whiskey was the only article of merchandise, but the men could not bid high enough for it. There were only a few women in the town and they were a hard lot. They were equally efficient, if they did not excel the men in imbibing the merchandise. They indulged in a good deal of profanity, thinking it easier to express one's thoughts that way than to use round-about English. And their clothes—good Lord!

"Well, Saturday night was the climax of every week, and it was on a Saturday night that things began to happen to Interprise. The crowd had gathered, at Mike's, as was the custom, and a mighty hilarious time it was having, too. The dance was at its height when a young girl in a neat traveling suit stepped up to Mike and asked to be directed to the hotel. Mike stopped fiddling to look down at the girl with his bleary eyes, and then scenting some fun, he grasped the embarrassed girl by the arm and cried, 'Here's a kid who wants to know where the hotel is.'

"We men began to take notice of the girl, for she was a likely-looking young one, and we gathered around her. Of course the women made coarse remarks about her, and criticised

her clothes, after the manner of women, whether in London or the Zulu Isles. Joe, a half-drunk, low boy from over the range, attempted to take the girl in his arms, when our attention was diverted to the door. In it stood a man of middle age, grey-haired and gentle looking, and dressed in the unmistakable clergy black.

"After our first moment of surprise we burst out into uproarious laughter. Preachers were an unknown quantity in Interprise, but most of us had seen one at one time or another and had our own opinions concerning them. Joe, however, didn't intend to let any sky pilot interfere with the pleasure, and he started to grasp the shrinking girl again, when he was sent crashing into the boxes in the corner. Then things began to really happen. The preacher knocked Joe's revolver into the air, took the girl by the hand, and led her to one of the painted women. 'I place this young girl in your charge for the present. Take her away from this place and guard her as you would your own daughter.' All the while he was saying this, he looked her straight in the eye. When he had finished, hers dropped, and without a word she led the girl with her, out into the night. We looked on, agape, as the preacher turned and slowly followed them out. We went home quite early that night, and thought.

The preacher had come to stay!

About a week later, Ugly John, a halfbreed, was arrested for cattle-rustling, and popular feeling ran very high against him. In fact, a raid had been planned on the jail that very night and it would have succeeded, too, if the preacher had not met us at the door. He grasped Joe, the ringleader, by the wrist and held him in a grip of iron. Then he turned to us, who were angrily voicing our disappointment, and said, 'Gentlemen, hush! Would ye be murderers? The poor wretch in yonder cell may have done all of which he was accused, or he may have done more. In any case, let him be convicted and punished by the proper authority. A man is innocent until he is proven guilty. Give every man his chance!' 'Oh, Hell!' roared Joe, disgustedly. 'The proper place for such as you,' quietly retorted the preacher. There was something in his eye

that made us slink to our homes like whipped curs. The half-breed escaped next day and was not recaptured, but Joe never forgave the preacher.

"Things continued quietly for the next few months. The preacher and the girl did wonders in clearing up the town and in making it a suitable residing-place for human beings. They found much to admire in each other and it was generally understood that they were to be married in the spring. Every day endeared the couple to us more and more, and there was not one of us, man or woman, or child, who would not have cut off his right hand to be of some service to either of them.

"Then came that fateful Christmas. The preacher was called over the range to the bedside of a dying man. The wind and the snow were terrific and we urged him not to go. He was obdurate, however, and to all our objections he merely said, 'Gentlemen, hush.' He rode away in the dusk and returned with the morning, his head hanging over his horse's neck and the blood streaming from a wound in his side and changing the crystal white of the snow to a brilliant crimson. He had been set upon, in ambush, by Joe and his friends, but the faithful horse had brought him back to us who loved him.

"We laid him on his bed and the girl knelt beside it, sobbing as if her heart would break. He wasn't quite gone, but sinking fast. His hand rested on the fair bent head beside him and a peaceful smile was on his lips. There wasn't a dry eye amongst us and more than one let out a dry sob now and then. The preacher raised himself on his elbow and looked at us surprised-like. 'Gentlemen, hush,' he said, and fell back, dead."

The editor turned quickly away to hide the tears which had sprung to his eyes.

"Send up the city editor, and quick, too," he roared to the switch-girl.

I gave the modest picture on the wall one last, lingering look and thoughtfully took my departure.

H. R. K.

THE MIRROR

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THE ANDOVER PRESS, PRINTERS

Editorials

The "Exchange Column" has been omitted from this issue for most schools have not had time to publish their magazines and consequently very few exchanges have been received. As soon as a sufficient number have been received, the exchanges will take their regular place in the columns of the paper.

* * * * *

Later in the year a series of articles on "Andover in Former Days" will be published in the *Mirror*. These articles are being prepared by a member of the Academy Faculty, who was a student here in Andover. These articles will undoubtedly prove the most interesting series that has ever been published in the *Mirror*, for the author is one of the most popular members of the Faculty, and was also, when in the Academy, one of the most popular men in his class.

* * * * *

Right now, in the first issue of the school year, the *Mirror* wishes to make the usual complaint which unfortunately has to be made every year. That is the complaint in regard to the scarcity of contributions. It was only by dint of a large amount of hustling by the management that enough material was collected together to get out an issue for this month. In a school of over five hundred men, this fact is certainly one that should make every man, who has the best interests of Andover at heart,

ashamed. Small schools of seventy-five and one hundred students often produce more stories for the school magazine than do all the five hundred men at Andover.

This month we are able to print but four stories; for out of the number that were contributed, these four were the only ones that possessed sufficient merit to be printed. Surely there are men in the school who have been contributors to their High School papers, who can write suitable stories for the *Mirror*. For these men there is a splendid opportunity to become editors of the school magazine, for every member, except one, of last year's editorial board has left school. This leaves about six places vacant and it is the desire of the management to get men on the board who will have the best interests of the paper at heart, and who will not become editorial deadwood as soon as they are installed as members of the circle.

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